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# The War of The Dragons



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## Chapter 1 by bossybossninja .\_.

“Dragons are humanity's greatest threat, are chief reason for extinction. If they are not wiped out, they will devour us.” After he was finished the lecture, he excused us. “That will conclude our lesson for today. You may leave.” As I rose my head. I realized that I had fallen asleep during our sage’s lesson. As we left the sages “hall,” as our teacher called it, my best friend, Orvil caught up with me.

“Did you fall asleep again?” he asked me as we walked toward our home. Jason and his family had shared a home with only a wattle and daub wall as separation between our family for as long as I could remember. But me and Orvil, we let nothing separate us for long. We had even convinced our parents to let us work at the same time together, so we helped each other a lot. “Just maybe.” I had fallen asleep during what seemed like the sage’s millionth lesson. “All that talk about who killed what dragon, and how dragons have been a menace towards us for centuries, blah, blah, blah. I think that we should just leave them alone.”

“You’re kidding me, right? The King’s army is preparing for an all-out war. They need to protect our village and others bordering the Chain.” The Dragon’s Chain, or just the “Chain” was a huge mountain range that was the ancestral home of the dragons. “If they don’t, who will?” Later, as we were nearing our home, my mother came out and started to give us chores as soon as we

had got within shouting distance.

“Nithil, will you please get the water from the well, and the growing pear where the treeline meets the fence. I’ll be preparing dinner.” As we walked over to the place where the well was, I saw a dragon flying again.

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“How could you say that the dragons aren’t malicious? You, of all people with a father who lost his arm to one should think twice before you say we are the problem.” My father had lost his arm to a green dragon, but that was near when I was born, so I don't remember much about it. “Maybe, but I just think that they are misunderstood. Not one of King Grayfire’s Elite have even seen a dragon near our borders. All of their great stories are about how Sir Alec and his dragon-slaying team invaded the dragon's lair, and saved the day from a horrific beast.” We started to weed in the early afternoon, and it didn’t take long to uproot all of the invading plants. As we headed home, we decided to ask our mothers if we could go into the woods bordering the Chain and stay at our fort for a while. “Sure, but be back before dark,” She said. “There are still things for you to do.”

As we walked out, I slapped Orvil on the back and yelled, “You're it,” Then ran off towards the treeline. After realizing what had happened, he bolted after me and laughed. The game went back and forth for almost an hour until we were both thoroughly exhausted. We stood next to each other, panting. As we became more aware to our surroundings we realized that neither of us recognized the terrain. “Where are we?” I asked.

“I don't know, but it is not where I've been before.” Just then a huge shadow passed over us. A thunderous roar seemed to shatter our eardrums as it echoed through the canyon. “What was that?” Orvil shouted.

“Dragon!”

## Chapter 2 by Reah



We ran. Faster than we ever had before. Our exhausted legs aching in protest. Our oxygen deprived lungs burning. We didn't know where we were running to, we only knew that we had to get away.

Suddenly, the ground shook and we stumbled and fell. Another deafening roar sounded and I saw Orvil's face go pale when he looked straight ahead to where we had been running. I looked as well and immediately wished that I had not.

A giant dragon stood in front of us, it's sparkling green scales matched the colour of the foliage above us and reflected the late afternoon sunlight in a spectacular light show. We scurried back

until we were trapped with our backs to a huge ancient larch tree and all we could do was stare at the dragon.

“What do you think it's waiting for?” Orvil asked. “It's waiting for us. As if the dragon could not hear him.”

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"I don't know. Do you think we should run?" My voice sounds high and pathetically terrified, even to me. I start to stand.

Orvil grabs my wrist and pulls me back down. "What do you want? Why haven't you killed us yet? Where are we?" He all but shouts this at the dragon, his voice betraying his fear even though he tries to hide it. Then, as though he is almost afraid of getting his hopes up as he is of the dragon, he whispers "Are you going to let us go?"

The dragon looked at us as though it had understood what he had said and was considering something. "No." A female voice rang through my head and by the look of despair on Orvil's face, I know I'm not hearing things, he heard it to.

"Then what do you intend to do with us?" I asked the dragon quizzically.

"I will take you both to my village to help us understand you so that we can end this war with as little blood shed as possible." She said in matter of fact voice "Follow me." She turned and began to walk away.

We knew we had no choice but to follow her to the dragons' village and hope that we survived through the night that our mother had told us to be home by.

### Chapter 3 by Glowpy-Druglord



Her glistening yellow eyes glittered in the darkness, her talons giving us nudges forward. We could tell she was in a hurry, but she was muttering things in an ancient language. A thundering roar split our thoughts as our eyes glanced towards the cloud covered skies. An enormous broad shoulder dragon swooped down, landing before the dragoness. His eyes sparked like lightning, his snort sounded like thunder. His scales looked like solid steel, the horns on the ridge of his nose were like spear heads.

"Varis," he rumbled to the dragoness, glaring at us. "You better have a damn good explanation for why humans are here."

She rose to her full height, the top of her head barely reaching his lower jaw. "They'll be the ones to save our race, Thundorus." She bore her long white fangs, growling.

Chapter 4 by Fern



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We were herded through the dragon village. It surprised us. Everywhere I looked I saw dragons, young ones and old. They were all looking at us with a mix of curiosity and fear. It was like a human village. But as I looked closer, I saw the dragons' eyes. They were all looking in the eyes of the adults. A look of fear and despair.

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We reached a small stone house. I couldn't imagine a dragon fitting in there, but I knew better than to ask about it. We were pushed inside and the door was slammed shut. The walls were solid gray stone. The floor was hard packed dirt. There were no windows. There was no escape. Orvil and I stared at each other in hopelessness. Our heads whipped around at the same time when we heard a scratching in the corner.

The dirt rose up, crumbling and cracking as it did so, and a small dragon head poked up. It was pure white.

"They *are* here! Told you they would put the humans in here!" It called down the hole. It was a male, judging by it's voice. A squeaky, tiny male, but a male.

"Yes, nice work Terrolinder, but could you *move*? It's kind of tight down here!" The voice was a female, sounding profoundly exasperated. The small white dragon slipped out of the hole and stared at us with bright eyes. Two more young dragons crawled out behind it, a blue one and a red one. The blue one was of a medium size for a child, obviously the female. I couldn't say why, but something about it clicked. The red one was huge and muscly.

"I would've thought they'd put them in a more high-security location. They are *humans*, after all. They're bloodthirsty and dangerous!" This was the girl again.

"Hey!" Orvil objected. "We are not! Dragon are the ones who go around killing, not humans."

The blue dragon glared at us. "Do you know who we are? We are called Seln Peken, which in our language means 'Death Children'. *That* would be because we are orphans."

"Not only are we orphans, Alara, but the humans killed our siblings too. The smashed them when they were eggs and there was blood everywhere and guts and-"

"Stop that!" The red dragon moaned, a slight greenish tinge entering his scales and tears filling his eyes. He was also a male.

"We are the only eggs that the humans ever missed. We are the only orphans because humans leave no one alive. You'll all die, or sometime," the blue dragon hissed.

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"I'm really sorry." I blurted out. I didn't know why I said it, they were *dragons* after all. Orvil was staring at me like I'd grown two heads. The white and red dragons looked surprised. The blue dragon was looking at me with-what was that.... She looked pleased and grateful. Maybe she saw something of herself in me, because I know that when I looked at her I saw that maybe we were similar, somehow.

"What are you three doing in here?! Get out *now*, you disgusting thieves! If I see you in this village again, I will personally cut off your wings and leave you to the humans!" It was Varis, the female dragon that had brought us here. She turned to us as the three young dragon ran back down there hole as fast as they could, filling it up behind them.

"Come. It is time for you to see what you must do."

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